

W2-136

I Stretch My Hand

A childhood forgotten

A past we put behind

I hoped we could ignore it

But now there is no choice

People have begun, I fear

To ignore the voice

The voice of reason speaks to them

But they don't seem to hear

It tells them what they do is wrong

That it was tried before

And all it brought was pain and sorrow

It will shake you to the core

So I tell you now

A battle ground

Is what you force on we

Who would never want to hurt you, friend

This you cannot see

Genocide is not an option

Everyone will die

I pray that you will not decide

To kill a race that does no hurt

For you, my friend

I stretch my hand

In the embrace of forgiveness

If you would only

Open yours